

Where's Hiccup?

by Foxxlight

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Angst, Hurt-Comfort

Language: English

Characters: Hiccup, Stoick

Status: Completed

Published: 2012-12-07 01:15:05

Updated: 2012-12-07 01:15:05

Packaged: 2016-04-26 14:09:25

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,568

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: All he knew is that three went up, three came down, but only one came back down alive. And that one was not his son. {One-shot. Stoick's thoughts and feelings just after the battle with the Red Death.}

Where's Hiccup?

The air was heavy with dust and smoke. Small pieces of ash drifted to the ground, a reminder of the fearsome explosion that had occurred when the Red Death struck the earth.

"Hiccup!"

Stoick pushed through the cloud of smoke, coughing. His eyes were wide as he searched, turning his head in every direction. "Hiccup! Son!" His line of sight landed on a black shape lying heavily on the ground, and his face fell as he came to a sudden stop. "Hiccup?"

The chief jogged over to the figure, his long, tangled beard bouncing up and down with every step. The dust in the air settled down a little, revealing the Night Fury lying on its side, eyes closed. It was alive- Stoick could see its chest rising and falling with each breath.

He scanned the scene. The prosthetic tail was completely gone, burnt up, leaving the dragon with only one tail fin once again. Stoick's eyes landed on the saddle on the dragon's back. It was scorched and empty. There was no sign of Hiccup anywhere. And if Hiccup wasn't with his dragon, then he must be...

Stoick fell to his knees as the horrible realization hit him. "Oh, son."

Hiccup was dead. Gone. Never coming back.

"I did this," Stoick whispered, bowing his head. How could he have been so foolish? Hiccup had been right, all along, about everything. Stoick was just too arrogant to listen to him.

He had always imagined that one day the boy would die- caught in a burst of dragon's fire during an attack on the island, or killed during training. That was the reason he was reluctant to let Hiccup start fighting the beasts. Stoick had woken up many times in the middle of the night from a horrible dream where he watched Hiccup's death over and over again. He reminded himself many times that they were only dreams, but he still had a horrible feeling that one day he would come back to an empty house after a dragon attack. Some other Viking would come in, bringing the news that Hiccup had been killed, and perhaps carrying the boy's scrawny, lifeless body as well.

But not once in a thousand years had Stoick ever imagined that he would die like this- sacrificing his life to save Vikings and dragons alike.

I will never forget you, Hiccup.

If anyone had told him as they were sailing away from Berk that Hiccup was going to die that day, Stoick wouldn't have cared. He might actually have been relieved that he no longer needed to deal with the boy, happy that the traitor was gone. Stoick's eyes began to mist over as he visualized his conversation with his son earlier- if you could call it a conversation. Hiccup had begged Stoick to listen to him, but he had roughly shoved the boy to the ground, saying that he was no longer a Viking or his son.

Stoick realized that he had been mentally pushing Hiccup away for years, preparing himself for the day that he would not get there in time to save his son's life. But it was only now, kneeling down in front of the boy's best and only friend in the world, did he finally see the truth. _I've been so horrible to him. Oh, Hiccup, forgive me._

He was glad that he had had a chance to speak to Hiccup earlier, to tell him how sorry he was. It wasn't a very good apology, but in the middle of the battle, that was all he had time for. If Stoick's last words to Hiccup had been "you're not my son," he would have never been able to forgive himself.

The rest of the Vikings were slowly coming up behind Stoick. They all bowed their heads in respect for the chief's dead son once they realized what had happened. Hiccup had never been liked by anyone until he started doing well in the dragon ring, but he was still Stoick's son and the future chief of the tribe. Snotlout looked stunned, staring in disbelief at Stoick, and even the twins were speechless for once.

Astrid pushed through the crowd, Gobber right behind her. She saw Stoick kneeling next to Toothless and gasped as she instantly comprehended the scene. Her eyes widened. _No. Hiccup can't be... dead. He just can't be._ Tears glazed her eyes, and she fought to keep from crying as she remembered every single time she had insulted or punched or just ignored the boy, as if he didn't exist, as if he wasn't really a Viking. Astrid regretted every second of it now.

She would never get a chance to tell him that she was

sorry.

Gobber's mouth hung half-open, his eyes wide, at the fact that his apprentice was gone. There were a few miserable sniffs from the crowd of Vikings, and a few tears being wiped away. Even the dragons looked upset, poking their heads up behind the group.

Stoick dimly wondered how exactly Hiccup had died. He hoped it had not been too painful. He hadn't seen much once Hiccup and the two dragons were high in the clouds- he had only seen the boy and the Night Fury, just a small speck in the sky, leading the giant dragon downwards, and then the explosion as the beast crashed into the earth. All he knew is that three went up, three came down, but only one came back down alive. And that one was not his son.

Images of possible deaths raced through his head, each one worse than the last. He saw Hiccup flying through the air, screaming as he raced towards the ground hundreds of feet below, his dragon unable to do anything to save him. He saw Hiccup blown apart by the explosion, his body going up in a fiery blaze. He saw the giant dragon reach forward and close its jaws around him, crushing the boy with its enormous teeth as if he were just an annoying fly buzzing around its head. Stoick tried to think of something else, anything else, that would stop the horrible pictures in his mind, but his brain kept going back to Hiccup. My son... dead..._

His body was gone, too- burned up by the heat of the fire or devoured by the monster. There was nothing that Stoick could bury as a final reminder of the boy who had shot down and trained a dragon, the one who had saved them all. Stoick would never see his son's emerald eyes blink open, never see that crooked little grin cross his face, never see him running and laughing ever again. The witty, sarcastic boy that Stoick knew and loved was dead, gone forever, and the chief knew that nothing would bring him back.

The Night Fury- Hiccup's Night Fury- stirred slowly. It groaned and blinked open its eyes, fixing them on Stoick. Seeing the dragon alive and mostly unharmed was too much for him, when his own son had not come out so well from the battle.

"Oh, son," Stoick whispered, tears stinging the edge of his vision. "I'm so sorry."

The dragon's green eyes met his for a moment, widening just a bit. Then with a slight rustling noise, the Night Fury unfolded its wings, revealing a small boy held firmly in the dragon's embrace.

"Hiccup," Stoick gasped. He rushed forward and grabbed his son, hoping against hope that the boy was alive, that he had somehow survived the explosion.

Hiccup's face was pale, his eyes closed, and his whole body was hot to the touch. His mouth was slightly open. His arms hung limply at his side and his head lolled back, making him look very much dead as the chief pulled him onto his lap. Stoick brushed some strands of hair out of his son's face, searching desperately for a sign of life. He threw his helmet aside and put his head up against the boy's chest.

There was one terrifying moment when Stoick was sure that Hiccup was

dead, that the dragon had only held onto the body because it couldn't bear to believe that its best friend, the one who had built the Night Fury a new tail and saved the lives of so many by destroying the Red Death, was really, truly gone. But then he heard it- the faint _thump-thump _of Hiccup's heart, beating weakly deep inside his chest.

Stoick's voice broke with relief. "He- he's alive!" he croaked. "You brought him back alive!" He hugged Hiccup's battered body close to him, silently promising never to have another fight with the boy.

The Vikings cheered, jumping up and down and clapping. Astrid gasped with relief, putting her hands over her mouth, unable to prevent the wide grin that spread across her face. Fishlegs, Ruffnut, and Tuffnut celebrated, laughing and waving their arms in the air, and Snotlout actually brushed away a tear of relief.

The cheers slowly died down. Stoick put his hand on the Night Fury's head. It groaned and closed its eyes again, resting its head on the ground.

"Thank you," said Stoick simply, "for saving my son."

Gobber came up behind him and looked down at Hiccup's unconscious body. "Well, you know," he added. "Most of him."

Stoick glared at his friend, but was too relieved to actually be annoyed.

My son... is alive.

End
file.